

TEN CANADIAN LEGENDS

A STORY FROM EACH PROVINCE IN CANADA



BEAUTIFUL
LAKE LOUISE



THE TREASURE OF
MURRAY HARBOUR



ROSE LATULIPPE



THE SIWASH
ROCK



QU'APPELLE

TEN CANADIAN LEGENDS

adapted and illustrated by
Jack Tremblay



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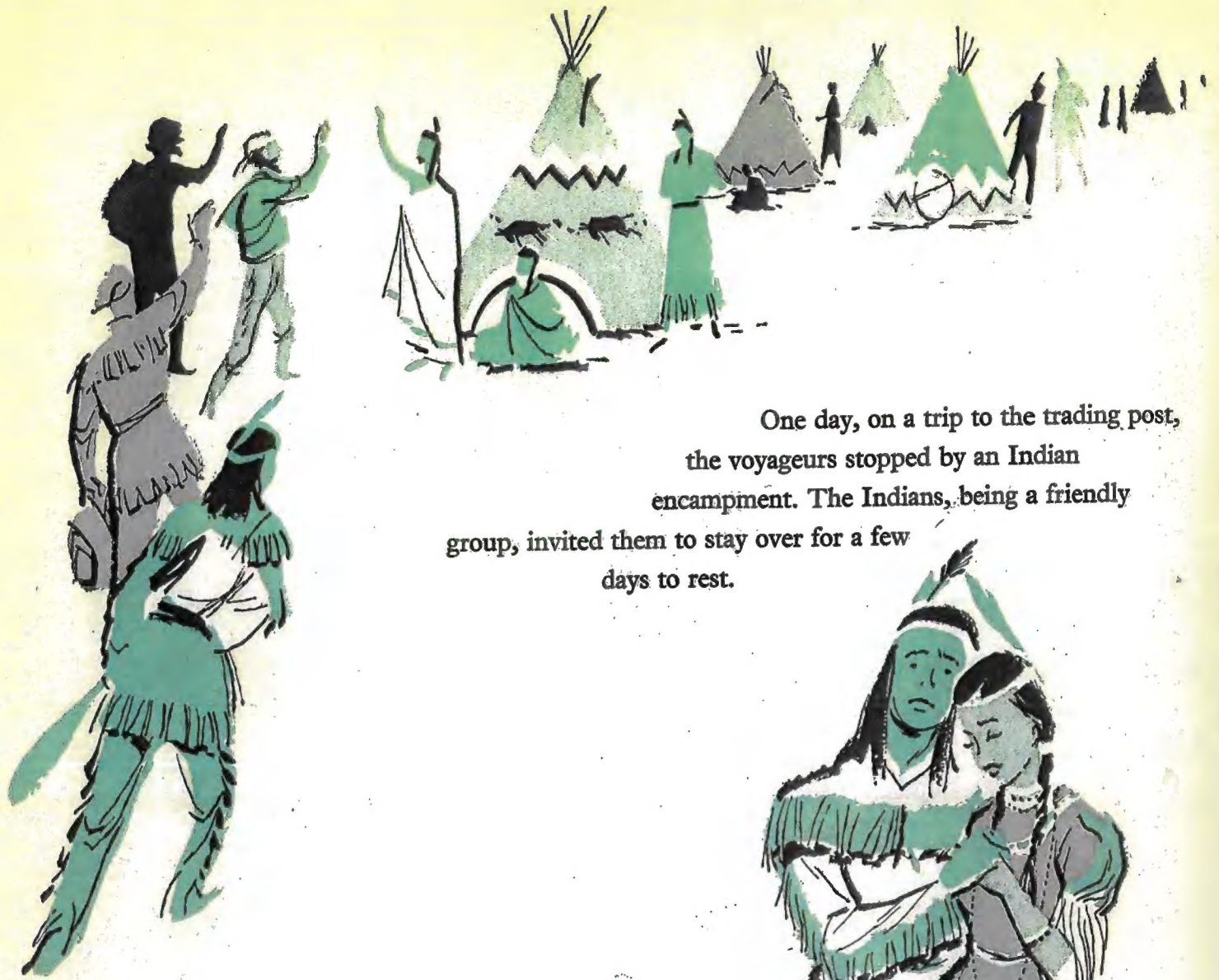
Qu'appelle

Long ago Saskatchewan's only claim to civilization was the few trading posts which encroached upon its wilderness. The main connection with the outside world was through the French Canadian fur traders called "voyageurs". To these adventurous men was attracted at one time a handsome young Indian brave called "Morning Star".



Because he knew the rivers so well, the voyageurs engaged him as their guide. Morning Star was happy in his work. He enjoyed the companionship of his light-hearted friends. He thrilled at the strains of their gay "chansons" as they paddled through the wilderness.

Often in the middle of a song they would cry out "Qu'appelle?" and pause, listening for the echo's answer. Morning Star learned that "Qu'appelle" meant "who calls?", and would join in gaily with his friends.



One day, on a trip to the trading post, the voyageurs stopped by an Indian encampment. The Indians, being a friendly group, invited them to stay over for a few days to rest.

It was here that Morning Star met a beautiful young Indian maiden as he wandered along the river bank. They made friends quickly and they saw each other often in the few days that followed. He called her "Prairie Rose" and soon their friendship grew into mutual love.

But alas, it was time for the voyageurs to resume their journey, and upon leaving, Morning Star, with tears in his eyes, told Prairie Rose that he would come back to her in the spring when they would never be separated again.





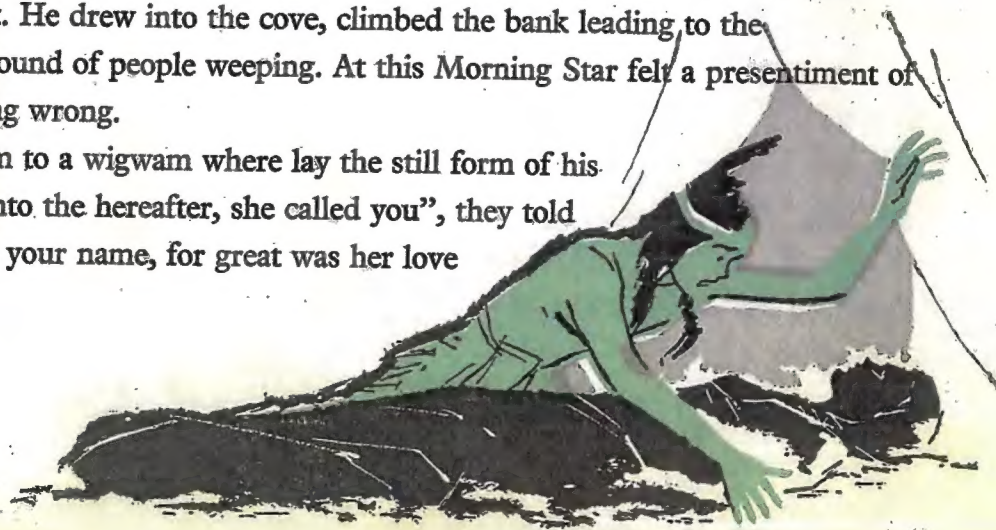
The winter was long and dreary and Morning Star was glad to see the spring arrive, for now he would make his journey into the wilds and once again be with his beloved Prairie Rose. As he paddled his canoe, he sang the songs he had learned from his friends the voyageurs, for his heart was gay.

He paddled all night. Then, with dawn colouring the horizon, and his destination near, he heard a voice cry his name. He pushed close to the shore to investigate but saw no one. He had turned down the river again, when the voice was heard loud and strong, "Morning Star! Morning Star!" "Qu'Appelle? Qu'appelle?" retorted the Indian. But there was no answer.



Fear touched the young brave as his canoe sped towards the shore of the encampment. Prairie Rose was not in sight. He drew into the cove, climbed the bank leading to the village, where he heard the sound of people weeping. At this Morning Star felt a presentiment of disaster. There was something wrong.

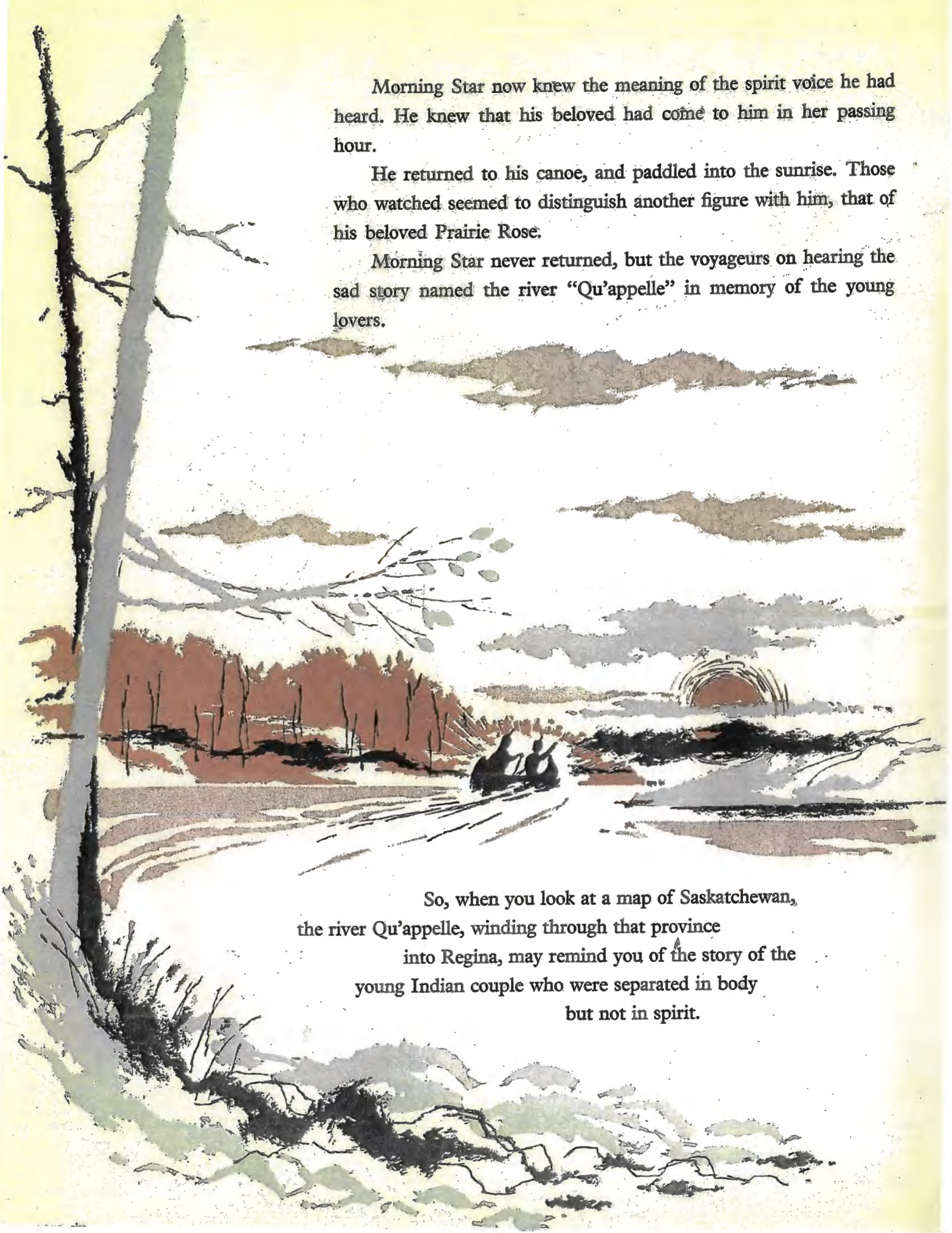
An old woman led him to a wigwam where lay the still form of his betrothed. "Ere she passed into the hereafter, she called you", they told him. "Three times she spoke your name, for great was her love and longing for you."




Morning Star now knew the meaning of the spirit voice he had heard. He knew that his beloved had come to him in her passing hour.

He returned to his canoe, and paddled into the sunrise. Those who watched seemed to distinguish another figure with him, that of his beloved Prairie Rose.

Morning Star never returned, but the voyageurs on hearing the sad story named the river "Qu'appelle" in memory of the young lovers.




So, when you look at a map of Saskatchewan,
the river Qu'appelle, winding through that province
into Regina, may remind you of the story of the
young Indian couple who were separated in body
but not in spirit.




The Siwash Rock

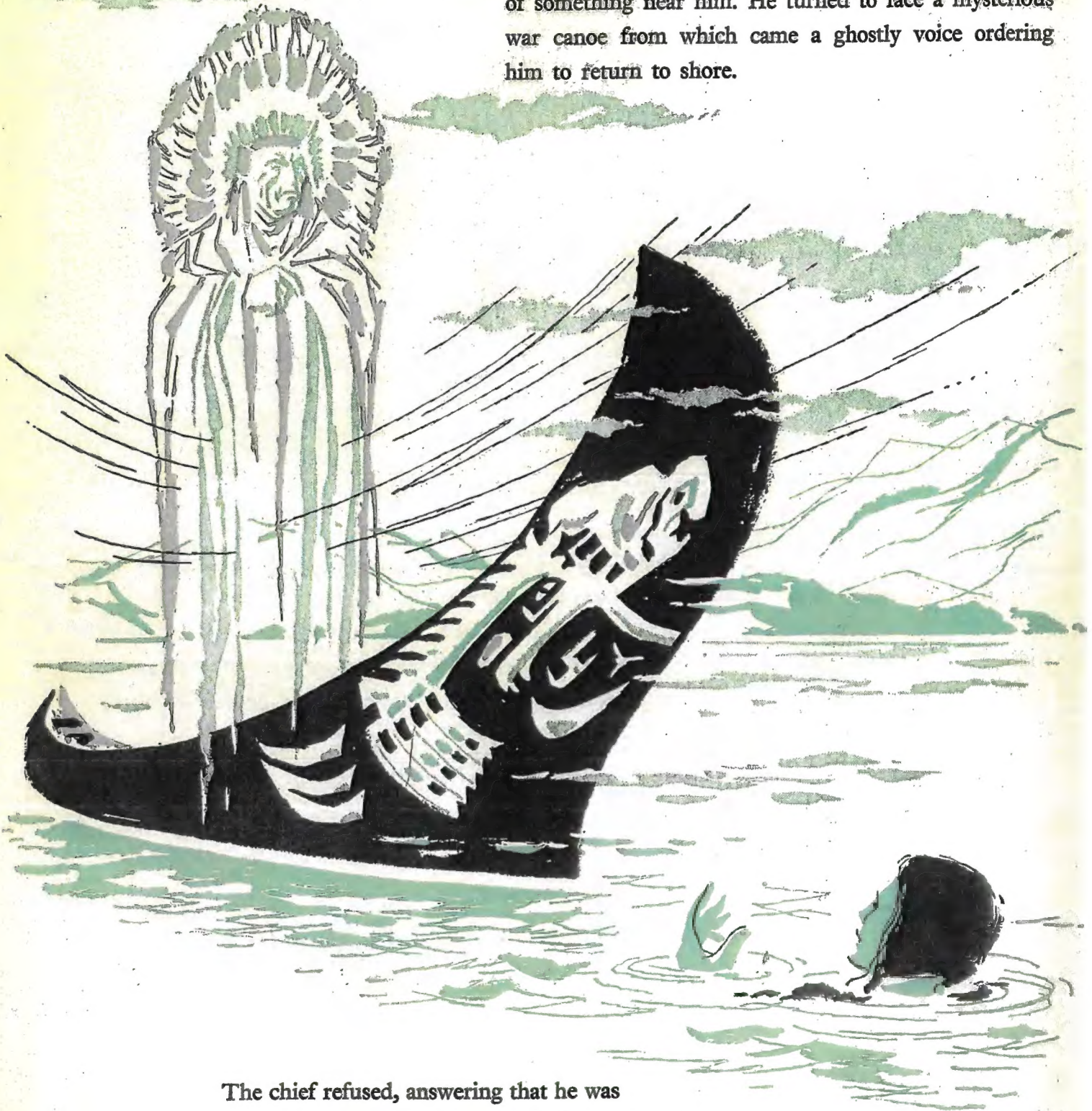
On Canada's West Coast there once lived among the Chinooks a young chief who was revered by all his people.



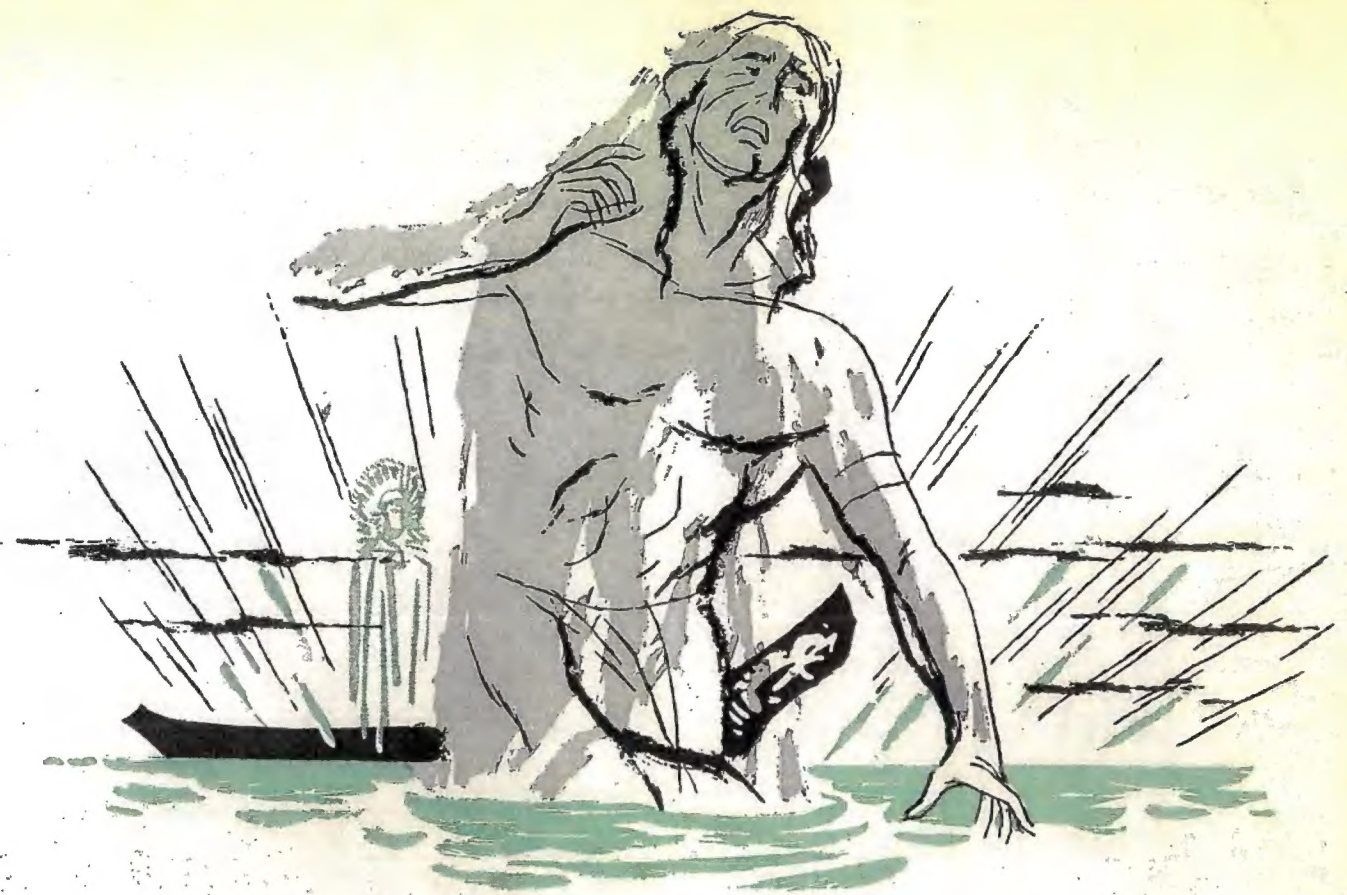
He took as his wife the prettiest maid of the tribe. They were very happy together. One day, to add to their joy, the chief's wife told him that she was to bear him a son. The young husband was delighted at this news. When her time came he prepared to carry out the customary ritual for the event. This old custom proclaimed that the expectant mother should go into the woods to await the coming of the child. The husband in the meantime went into the waters till he heard the cry of the newborn. This was done that his body might be pure when he took the child into his arms.



As the chief bathed in the sea, he sensed the presence of something near him. He turned to face a mysterious war canoe from which came a ghostly voice ordering him to return to shore.



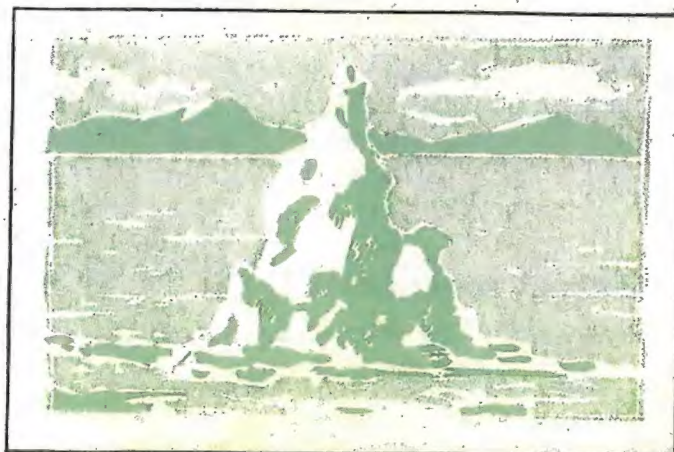
The chief refused, answering that he was carrying out the rules of the custom. He defiantly stayed in the water.



When the cry of the infant sent the chief hurriedly towards the shore, he was instantly turned to stone, never to move again.

This, it is said, was done by the Great Spirit whose command the young chief had refused to obey. For the Great Spirit it was who had appeared in the canoe that crossed the chief's path. But in order that he should not be lonely the wife and child were also turned to stone beside him.

To this day they stand in silence near the shore of Stanley Park, Vancouver.





Rose Latulippe

It is the eve of the first day of Lent in a little French Canadian town near Quebec. The traditional "fête" of the Mardi Gras is under way. The revelry will go on for hours, but at the stroke of midnight all must cease, for then begins the solemn season of fasting and penance when all festivities are put aside.

So begins, at a home in this town, one of the most popular and best-loved legends of French Canada.

Rose Latulippe was a pretty young girl who loved play and dance. It was therefore not surprising that she should be the life of this party. The gaiety was at its peak when a stranger appeared at the door. He was a tall, handsome young man who wore a black velvet suit under his racoon coat.

When invited in, he begged permission to keep on his fur cap and gloves. Rose was strangely attracted to the new guest and danced with him time after time in spite of the protests of her beau, Gabriel.

On and on they danced till the first stroke of midnight brought Rose back to reality. The fiddlers had ceased to play. Everyone had stopped dancing except Rose and the stranger. She was struggling inwardly to resist but could not free herself from the apparent spell this man had upon her. The guests were horror-stricken at the scene unrolling before them.





At the last stroke of twelve, in rushed
Monsieur le Curé (the village priest). "Voilà!

'Tis Satan himself!" he cried as he struck the
dark man with the cross of his rosary. Through the
window crashed the Devil and away he
galloped on his black steed which had
been waiting outside.

Thus Rose was saved from
being forever the property of the
Spirit of Evil, who could be heard
cursing and swearing as he faded
into the night.



The Treasure of Murray Harbour

The people of Prince Edward Island tell many strange tales of buried treasure along the shores of the great Atlantic. Here is one as fascinating as any.



Ernie,



Dick



and Joe

were three young fishermen who lived near Murray Harbour.

One day they found, in the folds of an old volume, a map indicating the location of a fabulous pirate treasure buried in the sands of the bay.

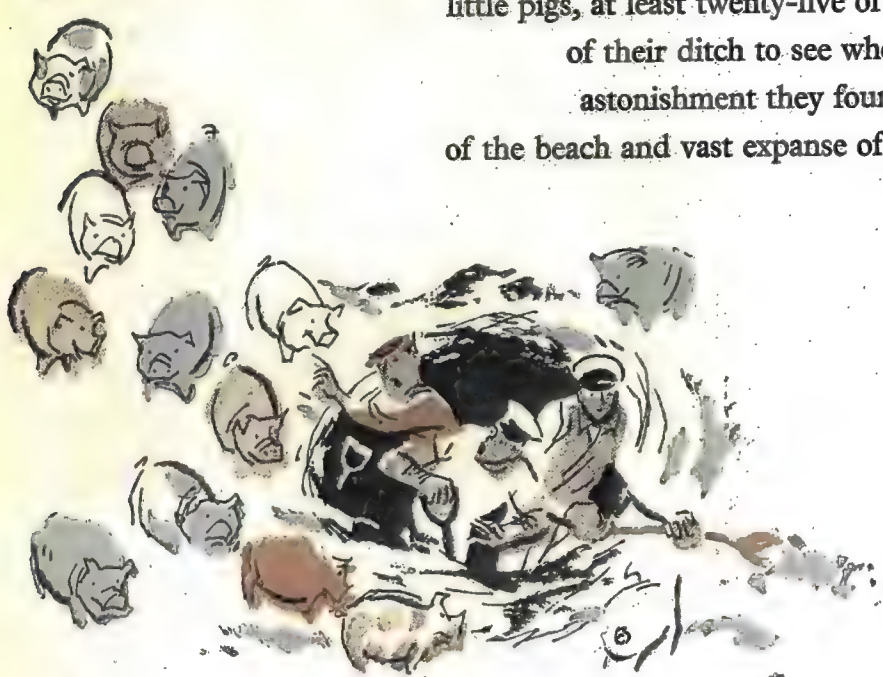


The three friends decided to dig for the treasure. So, on a moonlit night they stole away together and began their excavation at the spot indicated by the map.



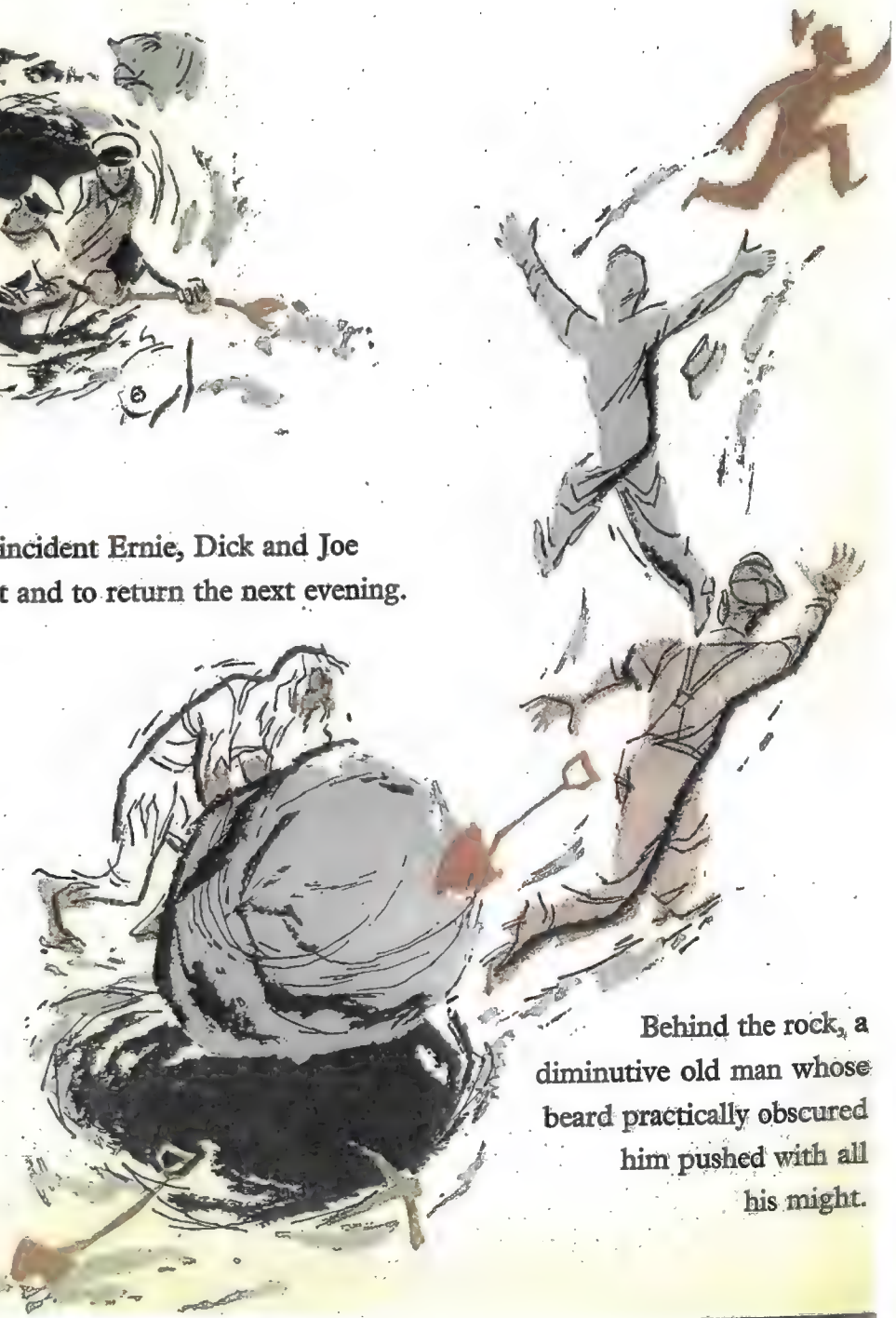


Their work progressed rapidly, and soon all three were deep in the ditch chopping and shovelling in mad expectation. At one point, as Ernie happened to glance over the edge of the ditch, he was startled by an odd sight. Romping around the hole were a slew of little pigs, at least twenty-five of them. The three diggers leaped out of their ditch to see where the pigs came from. But to their astonishment they found nothing in sight but the bareness of the beach and vast expanse of ocean. Had the pigs just vanished?



Puzzled by this incident Ernie, Dick and Joe decided to quit for the night and to return the next evening.

The next night however held something not only strange, but quite terrifying for them. When the three were busy again inside the ditch, they intuitively sensed something above them. They looked up in time to see a huge rock balanced precariously on the edge of the excavation.



Behind the rock, a diminutive old man whose beard practically obscured him pushed with all his might.



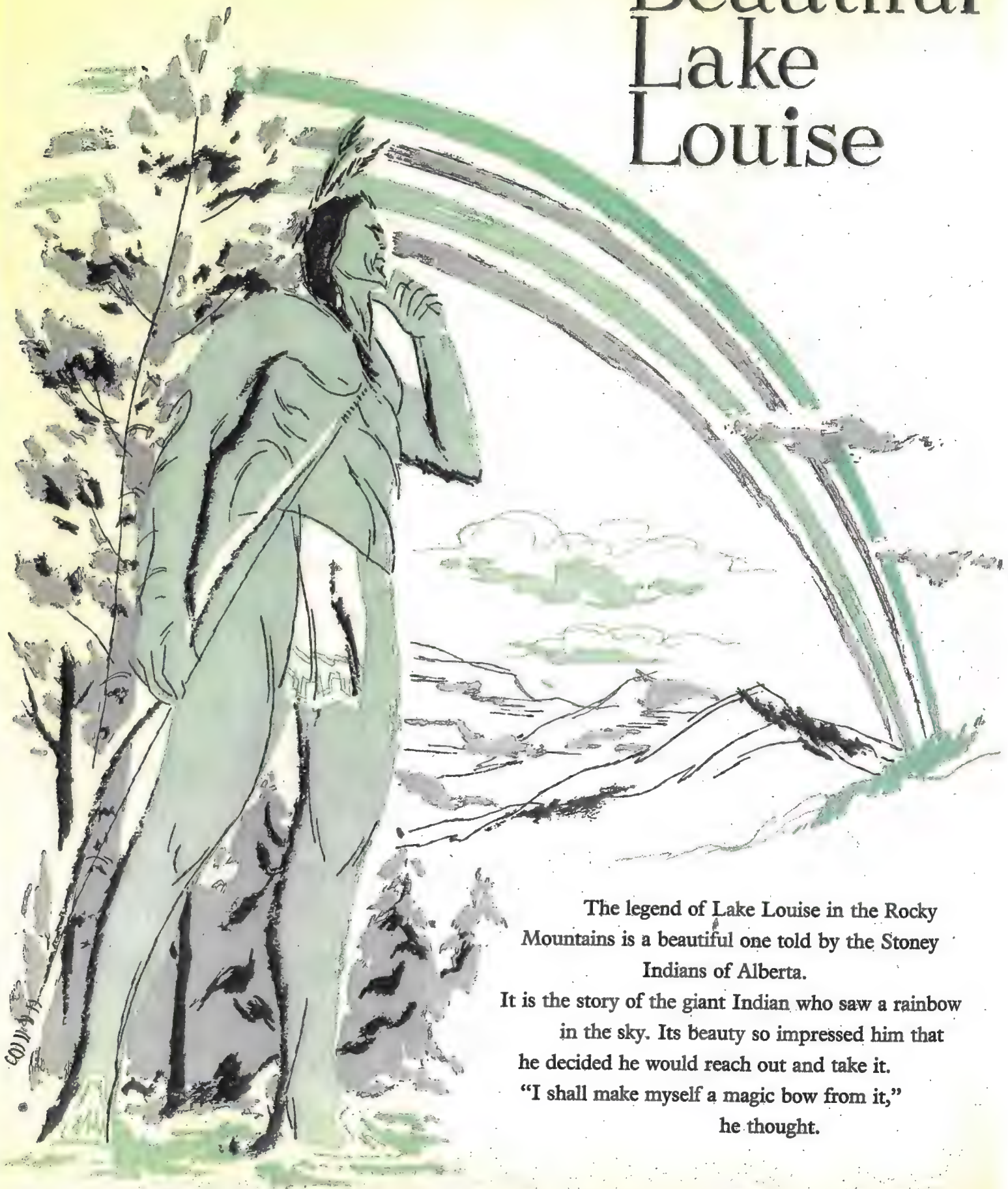
You can imagine how fast the three friends were out of that ditch. Away they flew, leaving everything behind; not even turning to look back. It wasn't till many days later that they returned.

This time they chose the reassuring comfort of daylight. When they got to the spot they found, to their surprise, that the excavation had been filled in. Protruding stately as a grave stone from the top of the mound, one of their shovels bore witness to their late efforts. That was the end of the treasure hunt for Ernie, Joe and Dick. From then on they stuck to their fishing.



For years after the curious wanderer would be told the tale of the rusty spade — held fast in the mound of sand.

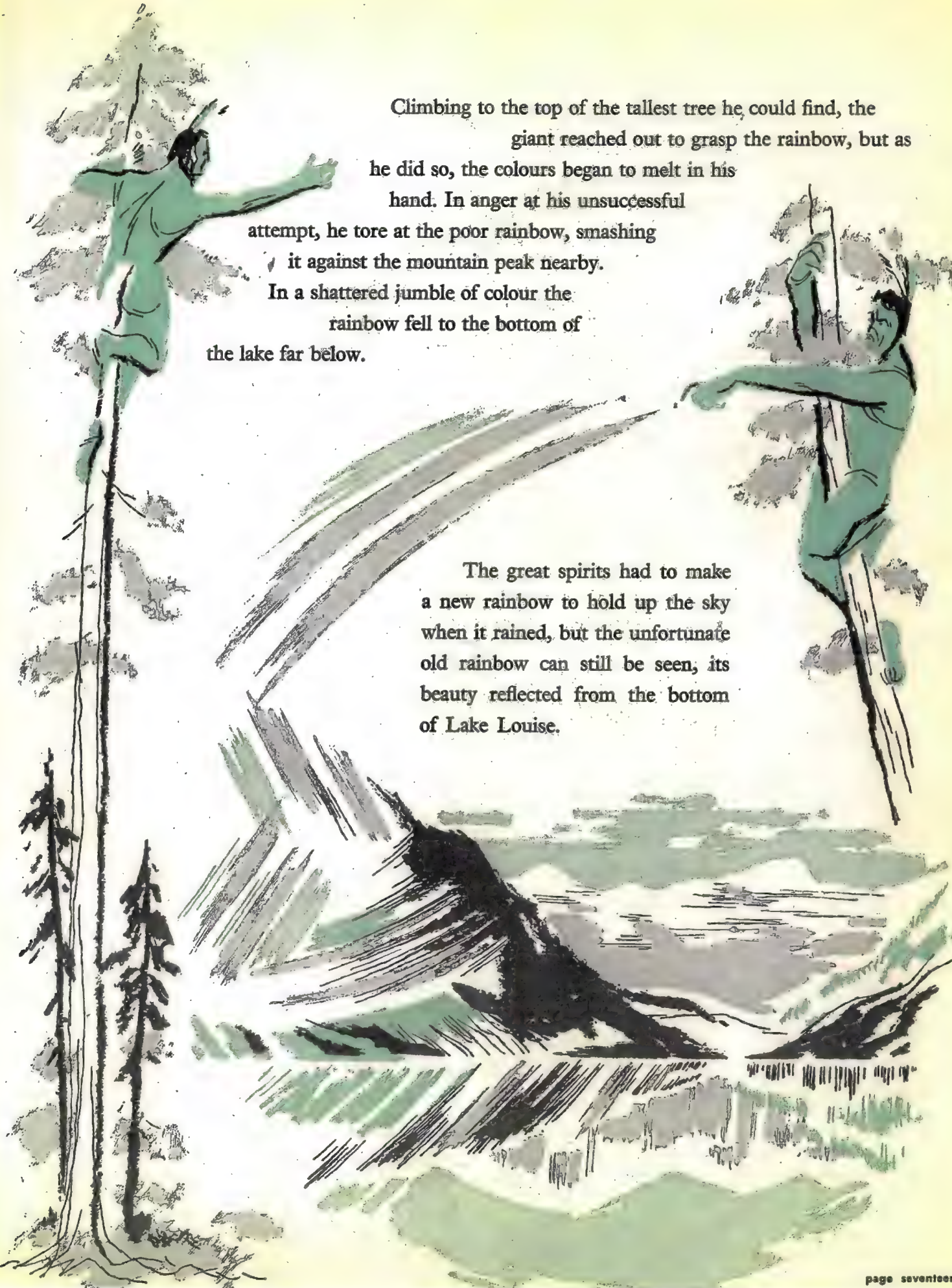
Beautiful Lake Louise



The legend of Lake Louise in the Rocky Mountains is a beautiful one told by the Stoney Indians of Alberta.

It is the story of the giant Indian who saw a rainbow in the sky. Its beauty so impressed him that he decided he would reach out and take it.

"I shall make myself a magic bow from it," he thought.

A stylized illustration in shades of green and grey. On the left, a giant figure is climbing a tall, thin tree trunk, reaching out with one arm towards a rainbow. On the right, another giant figure is climbing a similar tree trunk, also reaching towards the rainbow. The rainbow is depicted as a series of curved, brush-stroke-like bands of color arching across the sky. Below the trees, a landscape is visible with a body of water (Lake Louise) and a dark, rocky mountain peak. The overall style is that of a children's book illustration.

Climbing to the top of the tallest tree he could find, the giant reached out to grasp the rainbow, but as he did so, the colours began to melt in his hand. In anger at his unsuccessful attempt, he tore at the poor rainbow, smashing it against the mountain peak nearby. In a shattered jumble of colour the rainbow fell to the bottom of the lake far below.

The great spirits had to make a new rainbow to hold up the sky when it rained, but the unfortunate old rainbow can still be seen, its beauty reflected from the bottom of Lake Louise.

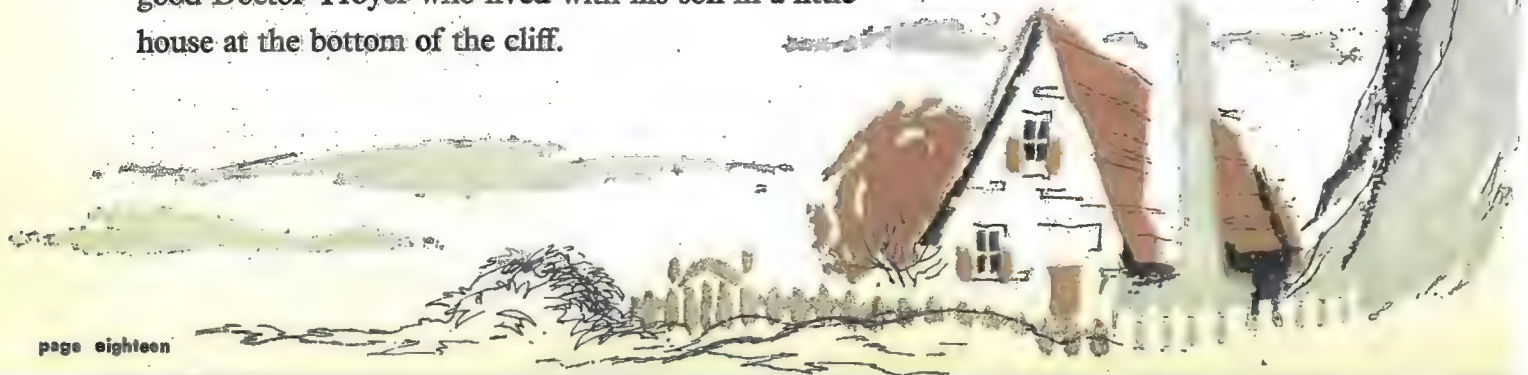
Doctor Troyer and the Witches of Long Point

A look at the map of Ontario will show, stretching out into the waters of Lake Erie, like a mouse's tail, the little peninsula called "Long Point".



Many years ago, on this dark, misty spot there lived seven old witches who were the cause of unending annoyance to the settlers of the land.

There was one man, a doctor, who was not disturbed by the witches, for he was a very learned person who had studied their craft. He easily outwitted them at their own game. This was the good Doctor Troyer who lived with his son in a little house at the bottom of the cliff.





One spring night, the seven witches planned to outwit the doctor once and for all. They hopped onto their broomsticks, and away they flew to Doctor Troyer's home. They knew that the doctor's son, Michael, was away, which made things easy for them.

When they arrived, they looked through the window where they saw the doctor bent over his books. The smallest of the seven climbed down the chimney, creeping upon her victim from behind



Just at the right moment she swung her cloak over his head, holding it tight so the poor doctor was gasping for air, and could not speak any of his magic words.



The other witches then came in to take the doctor outside where they performed a strange rite, which transformed Dr. Troyer into a magnificent white horse.

"Hurray! Hurray!" cried the seven wicked witches, "We have outwitted the doctor at last! Hurray! Hurray!"

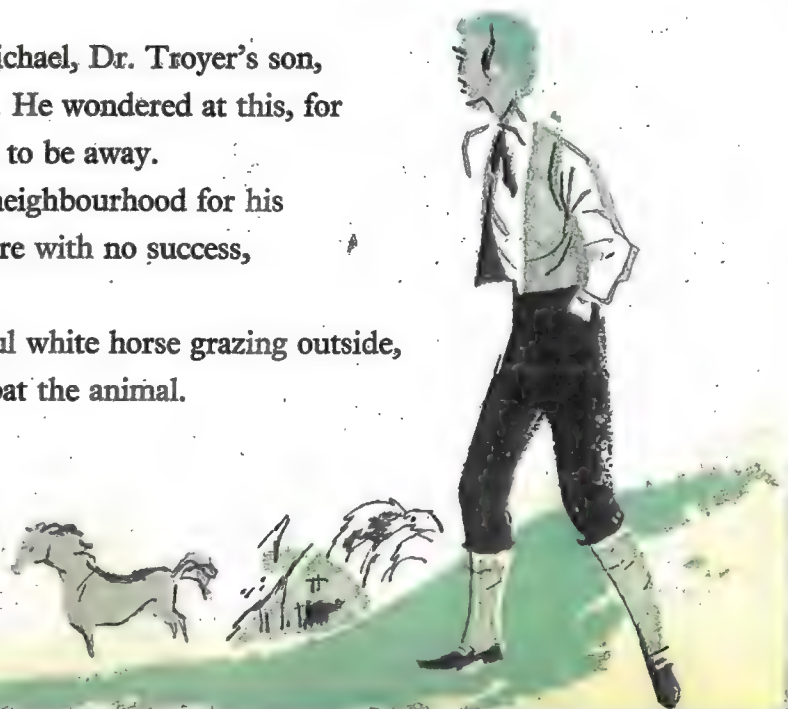


They hopped onto the horse's back, kicking the poor Dr. Troyer in the ribs, urging him on till with a great bound he was up in the sky flying toward the home of his seven mistresses.

A short time after the witches had left, Michael, Dr. Troyer's son, returned from his trip to find his father absent. He wondered at this, for the doctor usually left him a note when he was to be away.

Michael, therefore, decided to search the neighbourhood for his missing father. After having inquired everywhere with no success, he headed home in despair.

As he passed an old barn he saw a beautiful white horse grazing outside, and being a lover of horses, he came closer to pat the animal.





As he approached, a strange thing occurred. The horse began to speak. "Michael! Michael!" he said. The boy was so surprised he jumped back and almost fell. "Michael! I know you don't recognize me in this form — it's your father, Michael!" said the horse. "Father!" cried Michael, "what has happened to you?" "It's the witches," answered Dr. Troyer. "But I'll tell you about that later. First you must help me out of this! Remember the magic moonstone I gave you long ago? Remember I told you to use it for some very special favour? It's the only thing, my son!" Michael, who always kept the stone in his pocket, now held it out to the horse in bewilderment.

The horse picked up the stone with his teeth, gulping it down. A loud clap of thunder was then heard, and behold! Michael found himself sitting with his father in the little house at the bottom of the cliff.



At the same time, so powerful was the magic of the moonstone, the seven witches of Long Point were afflicted with such bitter health that they were forced to leave for some milder climate. They were never again seen in Long Point.



The Island Of Demons

On the northern tip of Newfoundland there is a little island called Fichot. Early seamen who sailed by this island used to carry the tale that weird and fearful noises could be heard emanating from its shores. It became rumoured that the island was inhabited by demons.



The demons, it was told, had eagle-like heads equipped with horns, a sweeping tail, and a pair of wings which enabled them to pounce on a victim from any direction.

Were you to question someone of that district about this legend you would undoubtedly hear the story of Marguerite. This young lady was the beautiful and gifted niece of a French nobleman named Roberval who had, many years ago, been sent by the King of France to settle Newfoundland with a party of colonists.

Marguerite had a lover who, despite the antagonism of Roberval, had joined the expedition without his knowledge.



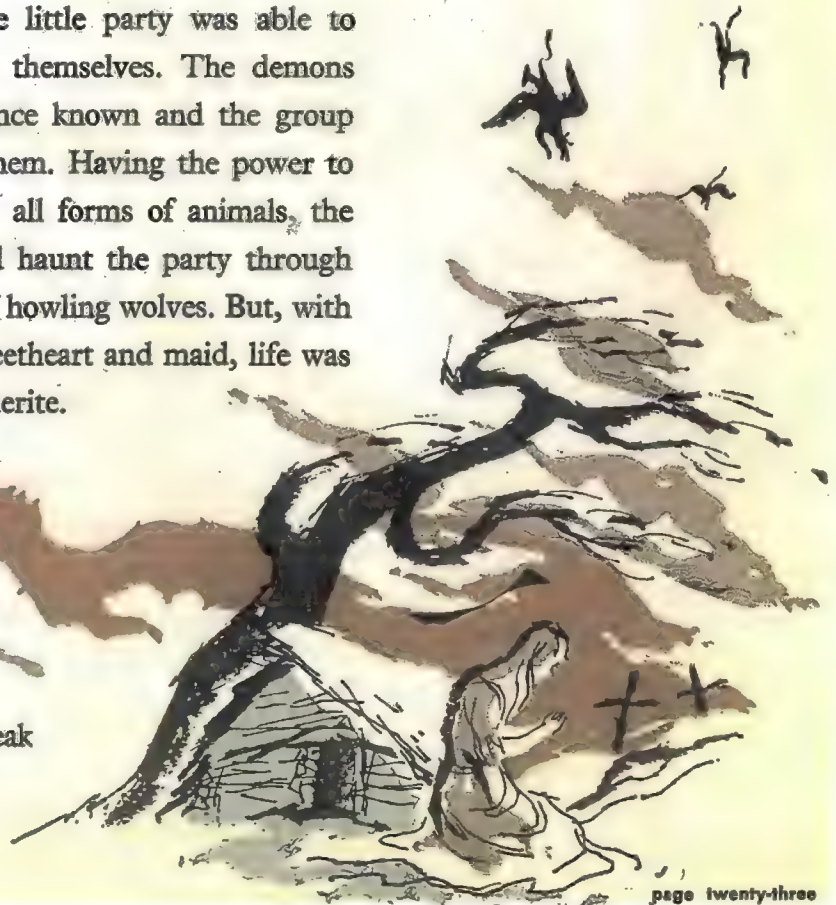
However, Roberval was a very stern and cold-hearted man; and when he heard of the alleged duplicity of his niece and her sweetheart, he ordered that Marguerite be put off the ship at the island of Fichot with only an old chambermaid for company. She was given little provisions except for a few guns and some ammunition.

When Marguerite's lover saw what her fate was to be he plunged overboard and swam to the island.



With his help the little party was able to build a hut to shelter themselves. The demons soon made their presence known and the group found no peace with them. Having the power to change themselves into all forms of animals, the demons at times would haunt the party through the night in the form of howling wolves. But, with the company of her sweetheart and maid, life was still bearable for Marguerite.

You can imagine her heartbreak when both her companions died after only a short stay on the island.



Marguerite was left to fare for herself with nothing to eat but fish and wild berries. While she was often attacked by the hideous creatures, she still retained her hope and her courage. On one occasion while praying before the graves of her lost companions she turned to find two white bears moving upon her. She reached for the two pistols she had fastened to her waist and fired blindly at the onrushing beasts — a moment later the bears lay motionless not two feet from the terrified girl.



The next day, when hopes of deliverance were again just about forsaken, Marguerite saw by the deepening twilight, and for the first time since she had inhabited the island, a ship within shouting range. A group of fishermen had apparently ventured near to get a glimpse of the demons. Soon realizing her presence the men came ashore to find the stranded girl dressed in rags and weeping for joy.



Marguerite was taken aboard the fishing vessel, and looking back she praised God for delivering her from the Island of Demons.



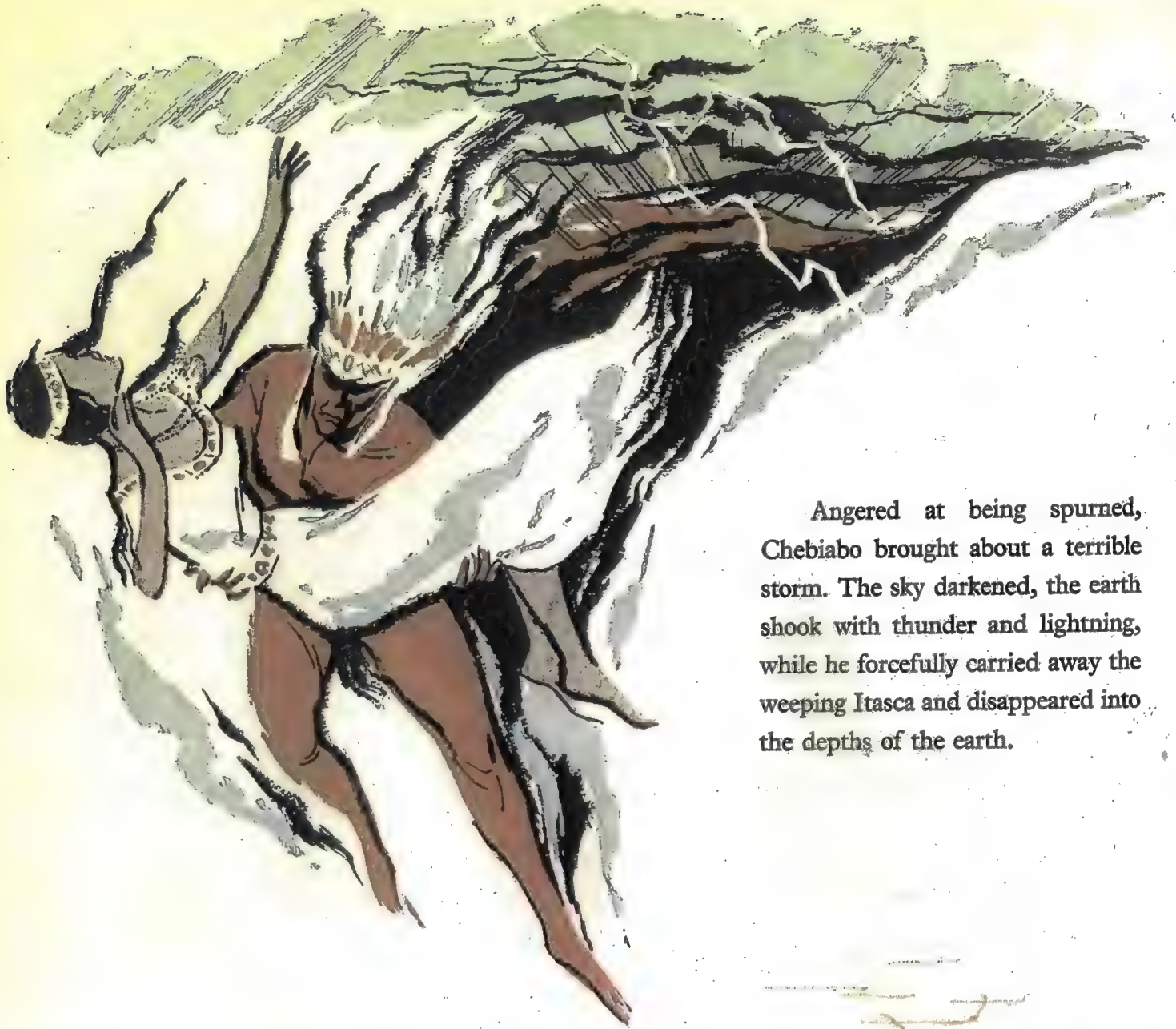


The Red River

Itasca was of a peaceful tribe in a land noted for its picturesque hills and valleys. She more than suited these surroundings, for she was so beautiful that her people claimed even the gods desired her.

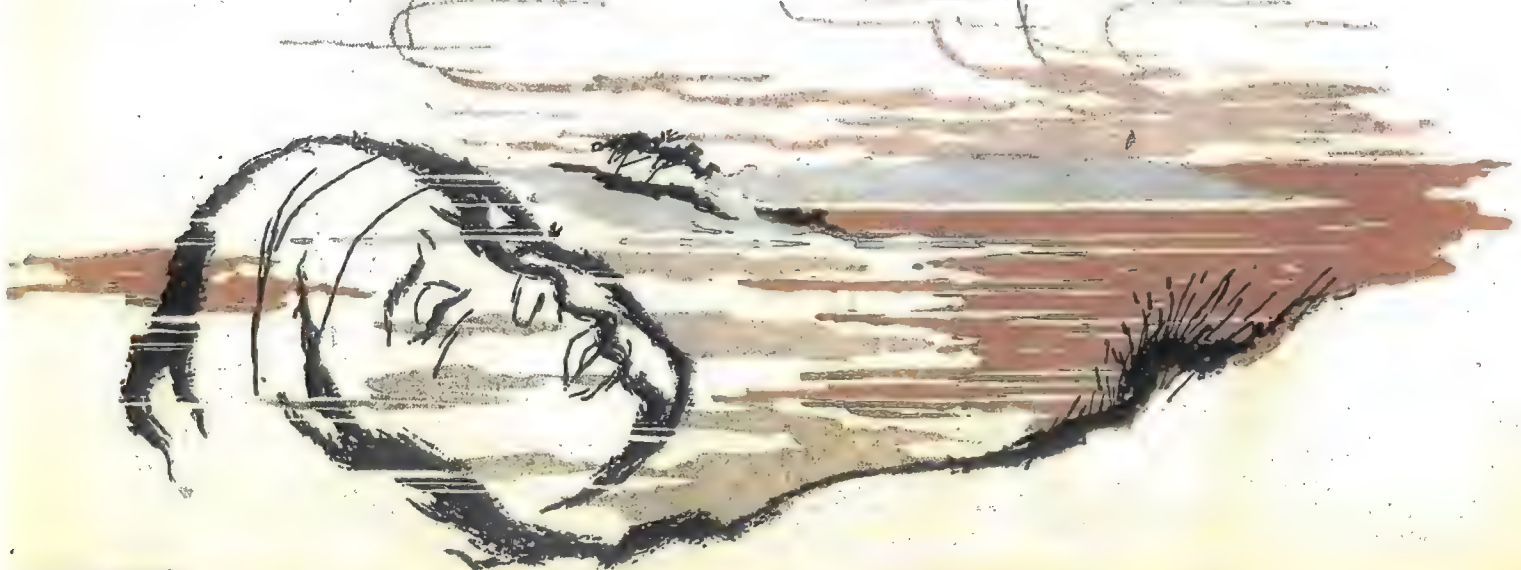
This proved only too true when Chebiabo, the great spirit of the dead, was so taken with the enchanting maiden that he one day asked that she be his bride. But Itasca, unwilling to leave her beloved land and people, refused.





Angered at being spurned, Chebiabo brought about a terrible storm. The sky darkened, the earth shook with thunder and lightning, while he forcefully carried away the weeping Itasca and disappeared into the depths of the earth.

Never reconciled, say the people of her tribe, Itasca still weeps, and her copious tears, flowing from the earth, form the waters of the Red River in Manitoba.



Lazy Lew

Lew Adams was a miner who worked one of the coal deposits of Nova Scotia. To say that he "worked", however, was only a figure of speech, for Lew was so lazy that he never got a full day's work done. He earned, for this shortcoming, the name of "Lazy" Lew. No other miner would work with him, so Lazy Lew could usually be found working his section of the mine alone, or, more often than not, sleeping.

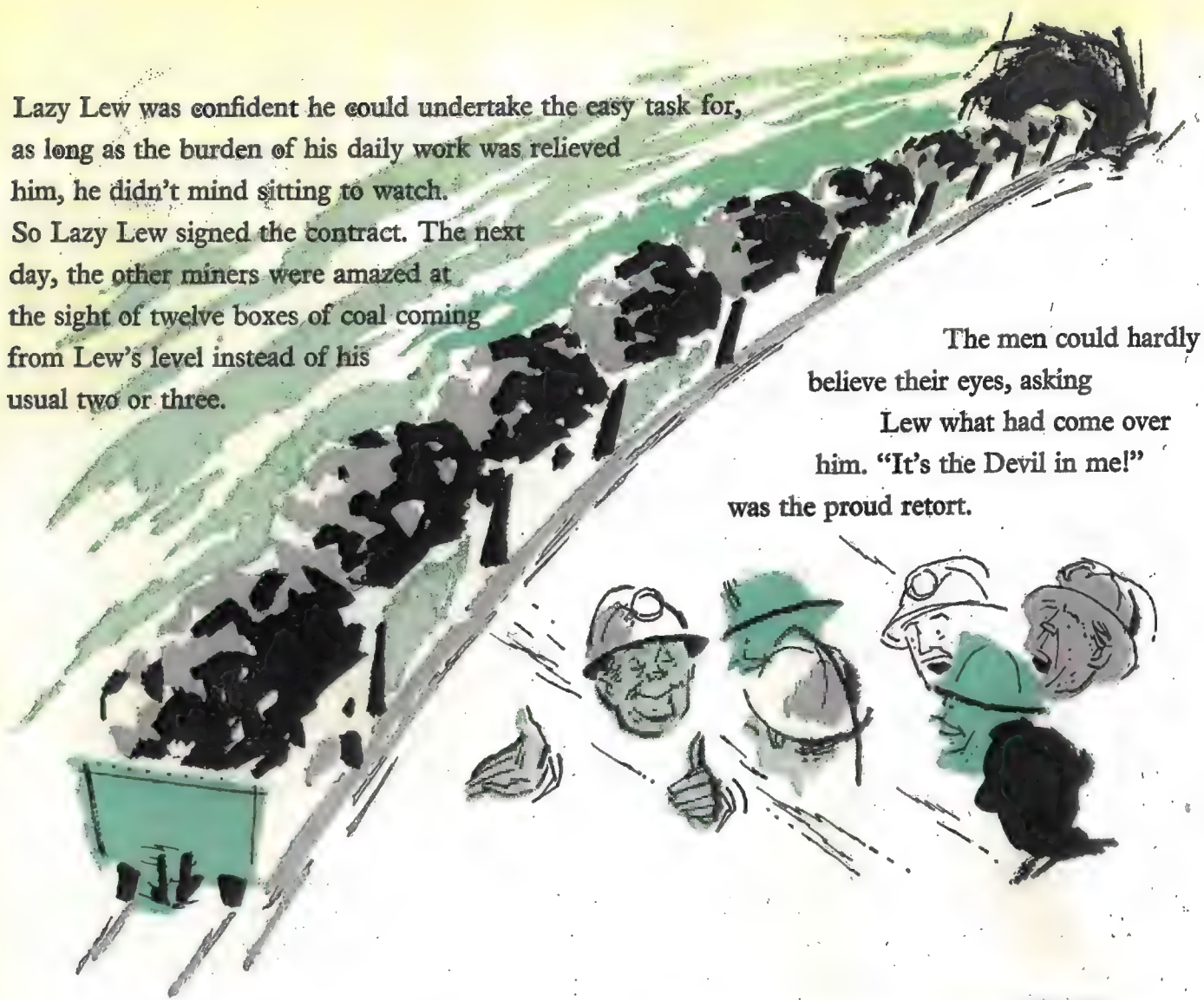


One day as he was sitting on a pile of coal, dozing off, Lew was awakened by a voice whispering in his ear. To his surprise he found himself facing a tall figure dressed in red. It did not take long for Lew to realize that the man before him was the Devil himself. After a formal introduction, Satan made a strange proposition: "If you will sign this contract giving me possession of your soul, I will see that you get the work of two men done each day—and you won't have to move a limb. I will send you four little helpers who will gladly perform your task." "Hm-m!" said Lazy Lew drowsily, "that sounds like a fair deal." "But", retorted the Devil, "you must remember not to fall asleep, you must keep awake as long as my little men are working."



Lazy Lew was confident he could undertake the easy task for, as long as the burden of his daily work was relieved him, he didn't mind sitting to watch. So Lazy Lew signed the contract. The next day, the other miners were amazed at the sight of twelve boxes of coal coming from Lew's level instead of his usual two or three.

The men could hardly believe their eyes, asking Lew what had come over him. "It's the Devil in me!" was the proud retort.

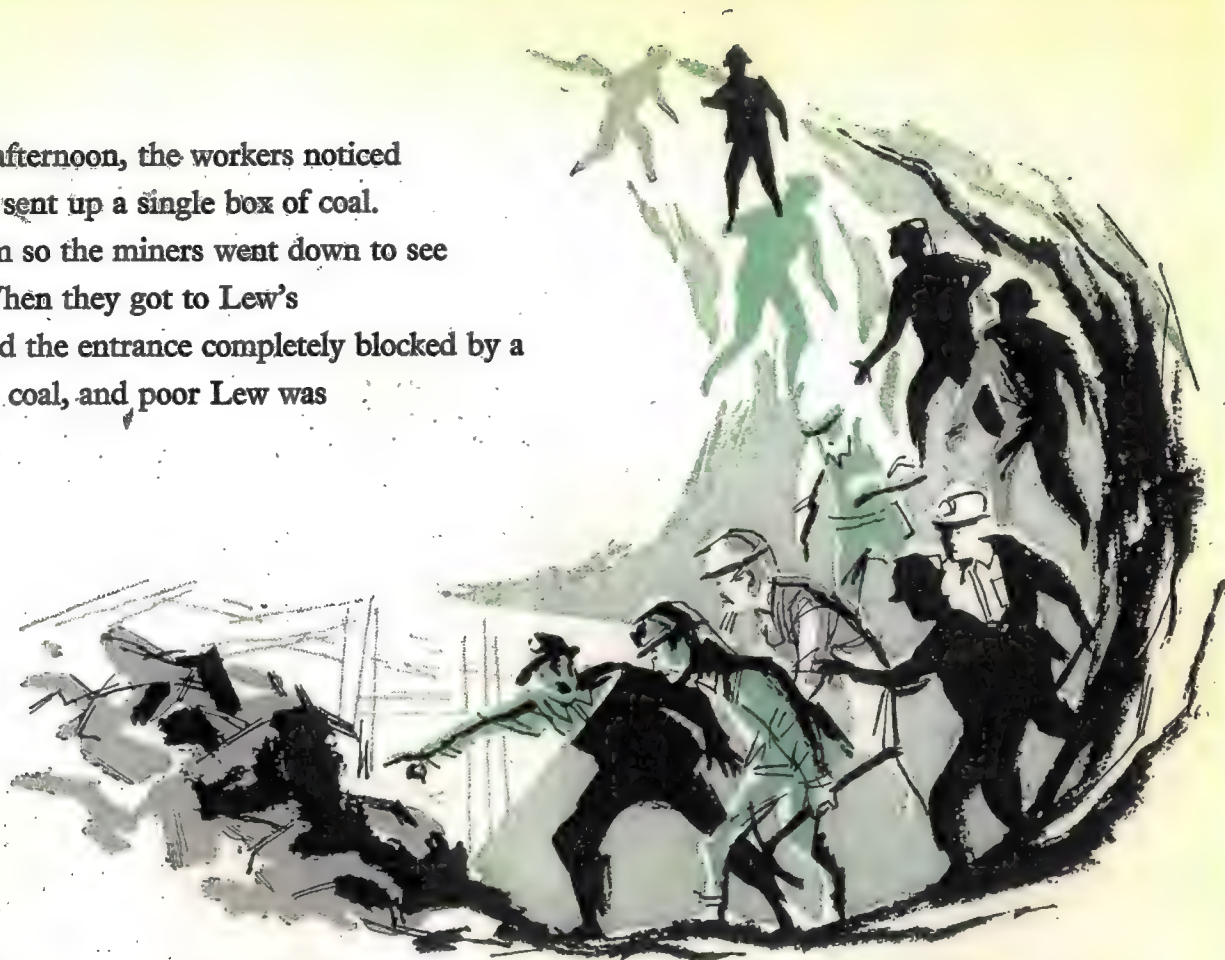


The next day Lew sent up even more coal than the day before, and still more the next. Even the strongest, most ambitious of the miners was left speechless at this overwhelming feat.

Of course, the facts were that Lazy Lew had not been able to resist his weakness; and every time he fell asleep the Devil added one more helper to his team, so more and more work was being done.



Finally, one afternoon, the workers noticed that Lew had not sent up a single box of coal. This worried them so the miners went down to see what kept him. When they got to Lew's section, they found the entrance completely blocked by a mountain of loose coal, and poor Lew was trapped inside.



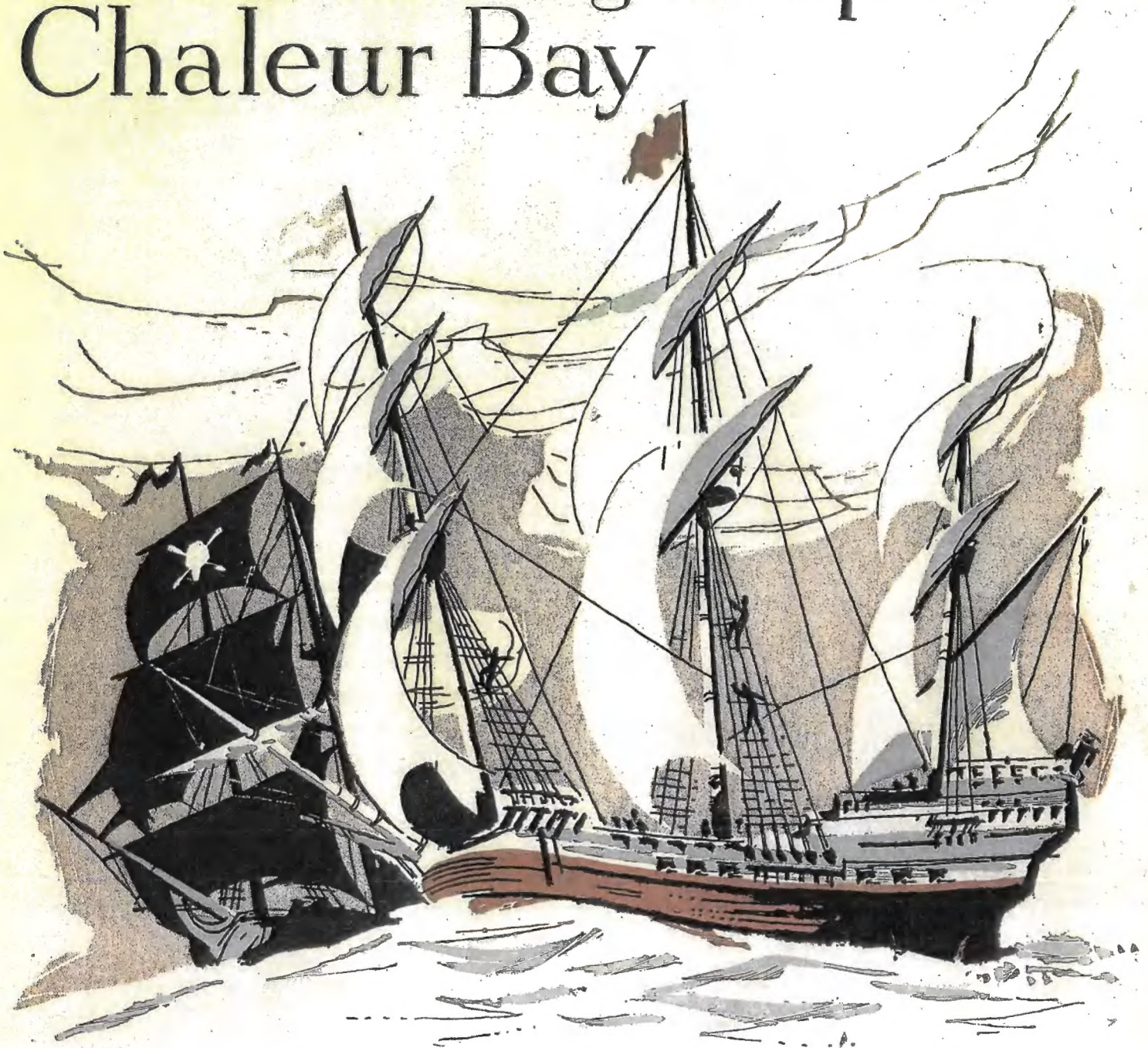
The miners hurriedly formed a rescue party which, after continued effort, finally reached Lazy Lew who was gasping for air.

Lew was rushed to the surface. Upon recovering he cried, "No! No! Stop the little devils! There are too many of them! They are trampling all over me, and shovelling coal by the ton!"

The miners never quite understood what Lazy Lew had meant but they all agreed that, following the incident, they never found him asleep in the mines again.



The Burning Ship of Chaleur Bay



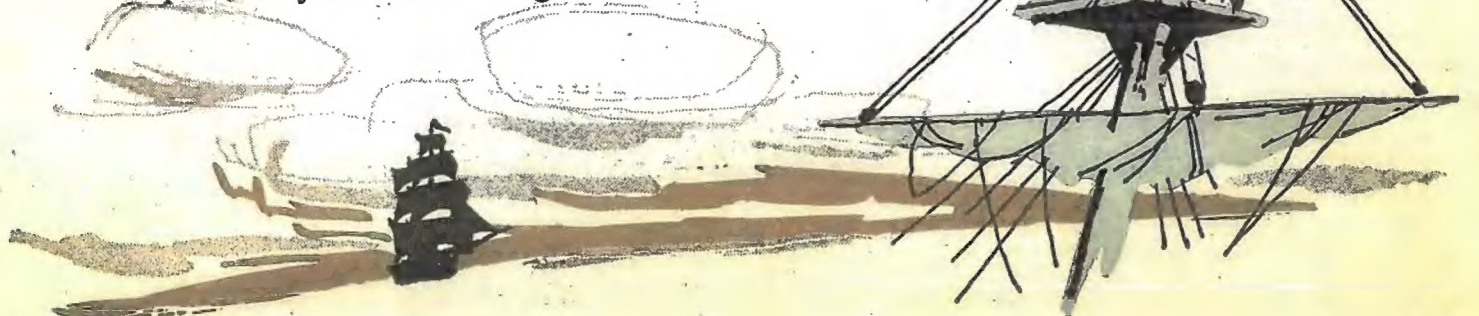
Back in the days when pirates infested the seas, a Spanish galleon set sail from the New World on the return trip to its homeland. The large vessel pushed forward, eager to reach the broad Atlantic where there was no danger of a surprise attack. But fears were well warranted for a ship soon loomed on their stern with the familiar skull and cross-bones waving defiantly from her masthead.

The unfortunate galleon, too slow for the swift brigantine, was soon overtaken and boarded by a band of howling buccaneers. The valiant crew did their best to defend their ship and passengers, but were soon overcome.



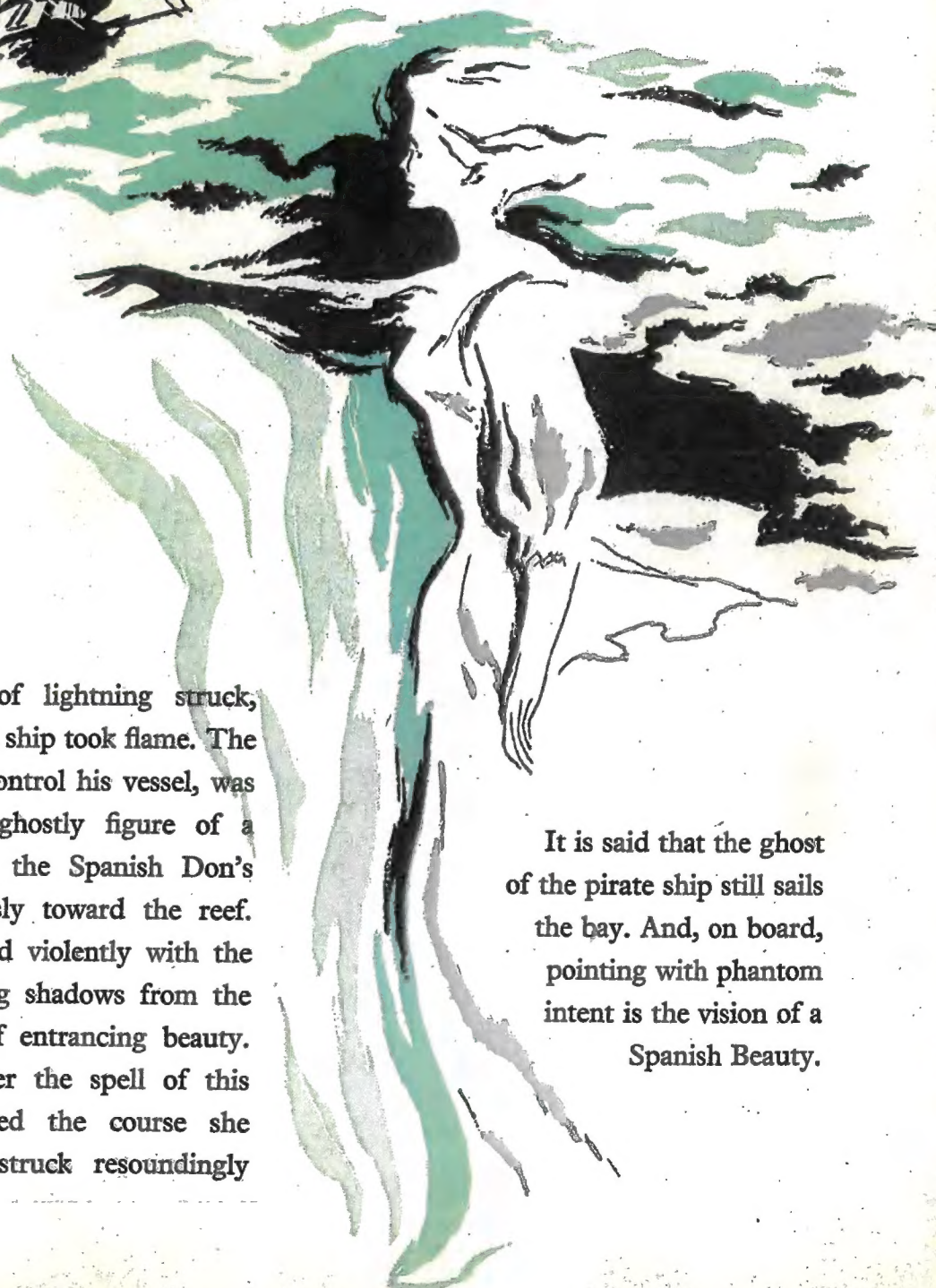
Among the passengers in the forsaken ship was the lovely young bride of a Spanish Don who had just fallen in the battle. She was found weeping in sorrow and desperation in her cabin from whence she was violently whisked aboard the pirate ship as part of the booty. The pirates then sailed away in quest of new victims.

But it seemed that their violence was soon to be avenged, for the brigantine before long was tenaciously pursued by a well-armed frigate.





Realizing they were no match for the heavily armed vessel, in battle, the pirates finally outdistanced their pursuers; and as the overcast sky signalled an oncoming storm, they sought shelter in the Baie des Chaleurs. The storm soon raged, with the pirate ship being tossed about precariously in unknown waters.



An ominous flash of lightning struck, illuminating the sky as the ship took flame. The pirate captain, trying to control his vessel, was startled by the almost ghostly figure of a woman on deck. It was the Spanish Don's bride pointing portentously toward the reef. Her hair and gown trailed violently with the winds, while the flickering shadows from the flames created a vision of entrancing beauty. The captain, falling under the spell of this sight, unwittingly followed the course she pointed out. The ship struck resoundingly upon the reef.

It is said that the ghost of the pirate ship still sails the bay. And, on board, pointing with phantom intent is the vision of a Spanish Beauty.

